Enter PISANIO.

QUEEN. Fye !—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir?
What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

QUEEN. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought, And had no help of anger: they were parted By gentlemen at hand,

QUEEN. I am very glad on't.

IMO. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir !— I would they were in Africk both together; Myself by with a needle, that I might prick The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command : He would not suffer me To bring him to the haven : left these notes Of what commands I should be subject to, When it pleas'd you to employ me.

QUEEN. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour, He will remain so.

Prs. I humbly thank your highness.

QUEEN. Pray, walk a while.

IMO> About some half hour hence9
I pray you, speak with me : you shall, at least, Go see my lord aboard : for this time, leave me.

[Exeunt.